FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of Fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

OUR PASTS AND THE PRESENT

HISTORIC OCCASIONS such as the country's two-hundredth Fourth of July have the effect on me of making the past more vivid and present to my mind. By 'the past,' in this instance, I do not mean the panorama of Presidents, progress, and wars, but rather the people I have known and loved and the times I spent with them. On this most recent Fourth, which was highly enjoyable (see Notices and Comments for details), I was constantly aware of my parents, both of whom are gone now. They were so on my mind that it seemed the day could not be properly celebrated without them. Although I was struck by the fact, I was not surprised by it, because the chief result of my loss of each of them has been the acquisition of a precious feeling of their being with me more fully than was possible while they were alive. Their companionship is something I did not expect to have, a strength I never counted on, a resource to which I turn more and more without inhibition: a sort of inexhaustible inheritance. No doubt something similar occurs in our celebrations of our nation's history.

The importance of the past, which we cannot change, makes me see more and more clearly the devastating importance of the present. The present is the one place where we are free, the one time in which we have the power and the privilege of assisting in the creation of the future—which one day will be the past for both ourselves and our descendants. It is our opportunity to work with or against the reality which we call God. A more intense sense of this has been the main meaning of the nation's bicentennial to me. —P.G.

KARMA

William Walter De Bolt

I charged what I thought
I needed less doubt,
And now I must pay
For something worn out.

BICENTENNIAL PRAYER *Dennis Barry Carroll*

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, continue to hold high the torch of freedom's light — the Statue of Liberty.

It has been a thrilling, glorious sight, a beacon to generations past and with Your protecting hand for generations yet unborn.

AMEN.

ZEN GARDEN

Elizabeth Twyeffort

Above bare walls without designs
stand regal heads of pinnate pines.
Zen garden's character is sand
raked into lines—like those on hands?—
that simulate the moving sea
with island rocks in groups, yet free.
The swirling motion round each base
isolates these isles in space
as though charmed water-circles bound
life's magic kingdom, wisdom crowned.

Our mind's surge up the heights of rocks
exploring secrets: shadow blocks
within ravines; and sunlit curves.
Desires rise: each one upswerves
and rides like birds' wings circling glides.
What marshy land's slow seeping tides
can vitalize the heart's disease?
Envisioned wishes, like the breeze
fly forth from egotism's tangling force
to follow some star-spangled course.
Each seed from meditation's core
takes wing from Zen's imagined shore.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS by Reuben L. Musey

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY— GODDESS OF LIBERTY, HOPE AND PEACE

FOR NEARLY a century, the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World has stood in New York harbor as a symbol of freedom—a goddess of liberty, hope and peace. It also commemorates French-American friendship. It was presented as a gift to the American people by the people of France.

In this bicentennial year of the United States of America, it is only appropriate we pause to reflect not only on the history of the colossal statue—a national monument—but on the significance of the goddess.

A century ago, as the American people were preparing for the centennial celebration of the nation's independence, across the Atlantic in France funds were raised by the Franco-American Union at the suggestion of Edouard de Laboulaye, French historian and admirer of American political institutions, for a monument to be presented to the United States. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi was given the assignment of designing the tribute. His original idea—a statue in the form of a woman with uplifted arm holding a torch—became the Statue of Liberty as it is known today.

Bartholdi began to work diligently on his masterpiece. He labored earnestly. The hand of the statue holding the torch was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and later

at Madison Square. The head was shown at the Paris Exposition of 1878.

It is interesting to note that Bartholdi chose the site for the statue—Bedloe's Island in New York harbor. Congress—on February 22, Washington's birthday, 1877—approved the site.

When framework and base of the statue were put into place in Paris, the American minister, Levi P. Morton, drove the first rivet. The date was October 24, 1881—in honor of the centennial of the battle of Yorktown, in which the French and Americans were allies.

The one-hundred and fifty-two-foot statue, built of sheets of copper, was finished in May of 1884 and was formally presented to Minister Levi on the following July 4. A month later, the American people laid the cornerstone. A year later Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, dedicated the monument, saying: "May this deed. . . this day. . . this hour. . . be cherished by the peoples of France, America, and the world. . . ."

From that day on, the Statue of Liberty has been a guiding light for thousands of people who have migrated to America not only from Europe but from the far corners of the world, seeking a new life in a new land.

Americans stand in awe of the goddess that offers world-wide welcome. At its base are recorded the words of Emma Lazarus: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

It is only right and proper that all Americans—whether born on native soil or from other lands and naturalized here—take pride in this gallant lady—a part of the American heritage, remembering always that it is their sacred duty to preserve and perpetuate that heritage which has come down as a gift from those who have gone before. These words speak for me and surely for all countrymen: "Lord God of low tides and high hopes who has brought millions to our shores, grant that each of them shall find the freedom he sailed for in this land which honors all who honor it. . . ."

A GIFT

Samuel M. Silver

DEAR FRIENDS, today we are being given a valuable gift. The gift is a new day.

What are we going to do with the gift? Are we going to consecrate it or desecrate it?

We have the power to make good use of time, or to squander it.

Today we can add a little bit of brightness to the lives of others, or we can embitter the lives of those we meet.

Today we might even try to shake off some bad habit which shackles us. Some habits are as hard to get rid of as it is hard to reduce the word *habit* to meaninglessness. Remove the first letter, and you still have "abit." Remove the first letter again, and you still have "bit." Remove the first letter again, and you still have "it." You have to work hard to combat a bad habit, but if you work at it and are successful it will suit you to a "t."

Dear friends, today we are being given a precious gift. . . some time. May we use that time to glorify the name of God and to spread His graciousness among other human beings.

PATHS OF GREATNESS AND SMALLNESS

Francis Merchant

THERE ARE TWO WAYS to enter heaven and to pass through the seventy-two veils that separate a man from the Highest.

The first method is the Way of Enlargement, in which the striver expands the seed of greatness in himself and realizes that the universe floats in the vessel of his heart. He rends the separating veils that stand between the outer and the inner.

The second method is the Way of Smallness, in which the

striver progressively empties the contents of his ego. He becomes so small that he can pass easily through the impeding veils. This is sometimes called kenosis. The humble move on this path.

These methods are not mutually exclusive. The heart itself provides us with a symbol, for it contracts and expands. In contracting, it becomes smaller; in dilating, larger.

In facing the problems of life, we do well to consider the morning-glory, that knows when to fold up and become small and when to open up and expand.

The question thus arises, How small can we become, and how large? Blake tells us that we should see a world in a grain of sand and heaven in a wildflower. The drop mirrors the ocean, and the ocean mirrors the drop.

CRITICISM IS TO APPRECIATE

James E. Kurtz

"To criticize is to appreciate, to appropriate, to take intellectual possession, to establish in fine a relation with the criticized thing and to make it one's own" —William James (1842 - 1910)

AUTOMOBILE BUMPERS often display a slogan reading, 'America, Love It Or Leave It.' In so many words we are being told we must not criticize our country. We are to love not only our countrybut the evils as well.

In light of the philosophy of William James, an American philosopher, the brother of novelist Henry James, "criticism is to appreciate" with the understanding that the individual taking the time and effort to constructively criticize is projecting a love of the thing he is criticizing. He has a desire to relate to it, to make it his very own.

To love America and to relate to it, to possess it, to appreciate it, is also to be critical of the evils that lurk in the shadows of all that reflects good. The man acclaiming "my country right or wrong" is a man without a country, for he is a man without the knowledge of good or evil. We should stand for the good in America and provide to the best of our knowledge what is required to eliminate the bad.

If you do not make the effort to understand, you have resigned from the human race.

MINI ESSAY ON BELIEVING

Nixeon Civille Handy

NO ONE is required to understand. Only to believe. And believing is related to faith. If you have a shred of growing confidence in yourself, then you can begin to believe. Anything you want to. Believe in light. Believe in clothes. Believe in honoring your body. Believe in vegetables, in children, in ground, in trees, in breathable air. The act of trying to believe is the essence of therapy. That's what the New Testament is all about.

When we make the effort to understand; when we first begin to try to understand; then with the desire to achieve, at least in an initial step, then comes the beginning of faith. It grows as grass grows green in the rain, silently, but evidently. And when a fair amount of believing takes place, and is ongoing, the firm foundations of true faith are being laid. If you can trust a tree to grow, and the sun to shine, you can begin to trust in God. The pillars of faith begin to rise on the green lawn of belief; nourishing.

A tree, when it topples and falls, joins the earth in creating new growth — as old faiths give ground for new faith. New grows out of old, feeding it. Let us, then, begin with the impossible end of believing, by renewing the believing process. It is in the falling that we find the everlasting arms. Take time to feel them. Believe they are there. *Because they are.*

UNSEEN ARMS

Cornelia Bagarotti

WHEREFORE art thou without faith? Knowest thou not that all things are in the hands of God? That He leadeth thee beside still waters, that all, even the smallest being, is encompassed by His love and His care? Take no care for the morrow, for the morrow will take care of itself. Burden yourself not with searched-for anxieties. Hold fast to that peace which is beyond understanding and which is of God, from God, and by God. His hand is on all things, though ye know it not.

Now draw comfort from what is given thee, for indeed it is a treasure to lay up within and for dark days. To few is it given to receive so great a blessing. To be worthy of such love one must rest in thanksgiving and hold fast to the Lord not only in the hours of solitude but in the turmoil of the activities of the day.

Let His presence so enter your being that He follows you in all your paths throughout the journey of the day. Though ye know it not, His hand is in yours, and His eye watches over all your deeds. As the child is followed by the tender care of its mother, so the soul on earth is never alone but in the hands of its creator.

Blessed be he that believes, for he *shall* be comforted. . . and with this message close the day in perfect trust and blessing. May you in sleep return to the womb of light and close the cycle of darkness. Sufficient it is to rest in peace and be at peace. For peace is the perfect fruit of love.

There be many who search but few who find. For to search is not to find. Without God all paths lead to the wilderness. Unless ye center your heart on a being higher than all things, ye shall not receive the blessing that is yours to receive.

Man is but a moment here. . . a dew upon the grass. . . the oceans hold eternity. In time there is no counting; no number, only endless space. Therefore let your yea be a yea and your nay a nay. Your every word and deed an act of truth and goodness.

Depart not from that path which leads to good. Hold fast forever to God and He will never let go nor relinquish His bond with thee.

Sleep is a time of renewal and a time for return. Go now in perfect rest.

WISDOM

Elizabeth Twyeffort

MARGARET was old and thin: nothing handsome in her appearance, with her thin wispy white hair and glasses. But her personality was magnetic.

For many years she and her husband had been missionaries in China, but ill health necessitated her return to the United States. Her husband became minister of a large congregation for seventeen years until his death. And then Margaret, frail-looking and elderly, was left alone.

I met her when I had been through a deep trauama in my life and needed rescuing like a swimmer that needs to be helped to the shore of a dark pond.

I met Margaret through mutual friends, all of whom were members of an interdenominational prayer group in the suburbs of a large city. Margaret had helped to start it and for several years she was the head caller to the sick and needy of a large parish. Whenever she needed a car and driver to take her on one of her hundreds of calls, there was a list of people willing to take her. I was one of them.

One afternoon she and I sat in my car and talked. I was weeping. I well remember that it was a sunny day, with green lawns and trees around us.

Margaret said to me finally, "You wanted to be a clear vessel of glass for the Lord's light to shine through. But now you feel all smashed up into bits. Don't you know that it takes

thousands of small pieces to make a beautiful picture?" perhaps thinking of some famous mosaic.

Another time on a dreary day in early spring, I said to her, "Why do I hate spring so much?" and she replied, "Don't you know that birth is always painful, and that spring is new birth?"

As we talked along, I said to her despairingly, "Why can't I seem to get anywhere?" and once again her assured calm voice answered me, "Don't you understand that it takes a long time to be born?"

Dear Margaret. Long has she been free of pain and problems, but I wish that she could know how much she helped me and others with her words of wisdom.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

Estelle D. Broadrick

IT IS A FOOLISH WASTE of time to attempt to look into all of the Freudian paradoxes—to try and bring Freud's way of "rationalizing" into every emotion and experience in your life. . such as that if you desire something intensely, you actually subconsciously fear it, or that if you feel hate toward someone you unconsciously love them.

These are tiny specks of dirt that may bring pain and discomfort and confusion. A tiny speck in the eye may feel as big as a stone you would use with a slingshot. Removed and surveyed, it is nothing at all. . . and powerless to hurt the eye. Do not attempt to read a lot of meaning into everything that does or does not happen.

A little ignorance is better than a little knowledge. Seek your truths in Scripture.

WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY, THINK ON THESE THINGS

Esther B. Heins

VIEWING the beautiful scene from the mountain crest with awe and wonder, we breathe in its special brand of air with unconcealed delight. Rainwashed and fragrant with the promise of spring, it is a gift of God, and so -- *we think of Him.*

This is heaven's borderland. Looking up, we touch the fringe of God's train as we whisper His name in adoration. Where can we *look* and not see His handiwork? What can we touch that is not of Him? High from the city's din, what do we hear that is not a reminder of Him? The breeze whispers of Him in the pines, the birds ever sing His praise. All things honest and just, pure, lovely, and of good report are of Him.

Not only is He found in the exhilaration of the crest, but, too, in the peaceful valley below. Nestled there like a precious jewel, it is protected by the distant mountains. Joined in rugged ranks, they form a great wall, held fast by the command of God. The observing eye will note the early rays of the sun drying the dew-washed face of the rose. Sun-dappled are the shy flowers of the woodland; a purple patch on the green of its carpet. The laughing stream splashes the lace frocks of the ferns as it rushes along. The mockingbird's ecstatic song is heard, and so — humbly grateful for such loveliness, *we think of Him!*

How lavish is the hand of God. Henry Ward Beecher beautifully described this: "What profusion there is in His work! When trees blossom, there is not a single breastpin but a whole bosomfull of gems; and of leaves they have so many suits that they can throw them away to the winds all summer long. What un-numbered cathedrals has He reared in the forest shades, vast and grand, full of curious carvings, and haunted evermore by tremulous music; and in the Heaven above, how do stars seem to have flown out of His hand faster than sparks out of a mighty forge!"

In the vast silence of the desert we see God's signature

upon the burning sands. Though lonely, rugged, and bare are the mountains, there is an awesome and timeless dignity about them as they wordlessly declare the might and stability of our Creator. He has well said: "Be still, and know that I am God," so here in blessed quietude — *we think of Him!*

No matter where we stand or from what angle we view God, we cannot miss seeing His great love. Noting it, we cannot fail to recognize the One who revealed it in all its immensity and grandeur! When we accept Jesus as our Lord and Saviour, we find the hand of God has already reached out and claimed us as His very own. Never again shall we be lonely. The long road of eternity glows with such dazzling splendor that in our contemplation of God's grace — we are lost in its glory!

God would have us be holy as He is holy. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. All things that are lovely have sheathed within them a spiritual blessing. Think on them and be blest.

SITTING IN THE SUN

Carla Patsuris

This busy-bodied Flesh of Genesis,
the turning Wheel of Law just begun,
on glancing the listless aging wonders
"must I be captive in a marbled city
cold, and sitting in the sun,
with chill-concealed growing stronger... stronger."

Little can this warm one know,
empathy a question minus answer,
of Wants that beg and Needs that pray,
"Lord, aborted sunning is a pity
please let me rest here
a little longer. . . a little, little longer."

GOD'S SYMBOLS

Hettie Barker

OUR TIRED OLD WORLD is still full of God's symbols. How many times do we rush through the day without one thought as to who created this earth and everything on it? Our eyes are open but do we see or hear? How wonderful to waken to the sound of birds and to see the darkness of night slipping away as the sun steadily crawls over the earth's rim to remind us—God is in His heaven and all is well.

God's symbols are also tokens of His love. The tall pines, the lovely delicate violets, the crystal clear lakes, the roaring surging oceans, the cooling rains followed by a rainbow; all of of these symbols represent God's everlasting love for us. But first we must close our eyes, meditate, and feel the weariness from the hubbub of life dwindle and then vanish from our souls and bodies; only then will we truly be able to see God's symbols.

THE GREAT DOOR

Lucille Patterson

THERE WAS ONCE a wall with a great door no one had ever entered.

Many were the people who wondered at it, and many were the people who sought to open the great door and learn what was on the other side.

Some believed there might be a garden of beautiful flowers or a castle of bricks made of gold, or maybe just gold itself. But to open the door. . . everyone believed he or she would have good luck. If only there were a key.

For years people searched in vain for a key to fit the lock.

One found a key of shining silver and announced to the land that he had won. But when the key failed to open the door, the disappointed searcher threw the key into the river.

The next searcher found a key of copper hue and with it twisted and turned the lock. The door would not open. So. . . he took the copper key to the top of a high mountain and dropped it over a cliff in his anger.

The third key was brass and bent and thin with age, but an old old woman felt surely it would do the trick. Yet when she tried the lock, the key simply slipped back and forth, and its sharpness cut her fingers. She dropped the key into the fire.

The people became irate and frustrated at the door. They muttered their anger at there being a wall with a door in it that they could not enter. They plotted and they planned and they searched and they fretted. They even thought of opening the door by force. Some people brought poles and logs to make a battering-ram.

One day a child passed by and wondered about the mysterious door. Curiously, the child very politely knocked. . . . And . . . the door swung open!

People were astounded. They rushed in and discovered that the other side of the wall was no different than the one they had been staring at for so long. The only difference was three big treasure chests, one marked "Silver," one "Copper," and one "Brass." Each chest had a sign above it depicting "Knowledge," "Love," and "Success."

Unfortunately, there was no key to open the chests.

The silver key was in the river, the copper key had been thrown from the mountain, and the brass key tossed into the fire.

The greatest treasures in all the world could not be opened because the greedy searchers had thrown away the keys.

However, we hope perhaps the sincere faith of a child taught the people a lesson by knocking at the door as a stranger and not trying to knock it down and enter a world that did not belong to him. Perhaps the next searcher—or the next—will find a key.

DIVINE BEAUTY

Virginia Ladd Otis

BEAUTY. . . or that which we call lovely in nature, art, music, and form. . . strikes harmonious chords in our emotions; while joy, which is often aroused by beauty, is our dearest possession. Nature, however, is subject to decay, art to destruction, form to change, and music to discord; while joy is ever fleeting.

The mystic knows that pure beauty, as pure truth, is abstract and can only be known by intution. To find it we must come close to the perfect light, the white radiance in which God conceals Himself. In contemplation the mystic senses our worldly realm to be a dark pinpoint encircled by spheres of glory and wonder. The beauty we see in this life is discovered to be but a stray gleam from a most radiant light, or an isolated note from a rare and perfect harmony. In this earthly life we receive hints only of that hidden, incomprehensible divine Beauty which is the source of all the loveliness we now enjoy. Cur greatest joys are but glimpses of that which is perfect and complete. To sometime know this Beauty and possess this transcendent Joy is the aspiration of the enlightened soul.

MORE PLUSH INSIDE

Arthur W. Muller

THE CLASSIFICATIONS of beauty have been promulgated by poets and philosophers from ancient times to the present day. While each individual has his own conception of what is pleasing to the eye, it is a known fact that our viewpoints differ widely. The peasant sees loveliness in a basket of apples or a bushel of corn from his own land; while a painting or a building may appear attractive to one and distasteful to another.

Some months ago I was waiting for a bus in front of a fash-

ionable New York hotel, when I observed a message scrawled in black crayon on the wall beside the entrance. It read, "It's a lot more plush inside." Smiling at the amateur endeavor to advertise the hotel, I decided to accept the invitation and entered the lobby of the Gothic edifice.

Traditional statuary and towering natural palms set in huge gold receptacles were prevalent in the red-carpeted foyer. Sparkling crystal chandeliers and exquisite golden drapes completed the grandeur of the scene. Soft music from a string-orchestra in the dining-room wafted into the lounge in competition with the singing of canaries in ornamental cages. It was all very plush indeed.

Enraptured, I lingered a while, but I remembered my bus was due and departed. The bus-ride was slow because of traffic and I welcomed the slow journey so that I could ponder my visit to the hotel.

With that picture of beauty in mind, I began to study my fellow passengers and to analyse them from their appearances. But was I justified in making my judgments of them without some awareness of their inner attributes or failings? Their raiment was not important in comparison with their characters, their sincerity, their good names.

The beggar on the corner, the janitor at a hotel and the shoeshine-boy on the sidewalk may present colorless images of lowliness; but it is very possible that, inside, they may possess qualities far superior to those to be found in the interior of the elite. Many unknown persons are the four-star citizens of the world of veneer and plush.

PRIMER OF THE SPACE AGE

Bess Foster Smith

EVER SINCE man became conscious of himself and the world about him, he has been suspended between two urges. One is to find security by holding fast to the things he has and to the

beliefs he has established as truth, and the other is to satisfy his curiosity about the things he does not understand.

In other words, he would reach for the stars but keep his feet on the ground. He would study the secrets of science but does not want to change his image of God. The great seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, says he could overcome this conflict if he would just realize "the great Bible of God is ever open before him, on the earth and in the heavens. To read it is science; to live by it is religion."

One brave soul who stepped out fearlessly on the rim of the known world was Copernicus (1473-1543). He studied the stars and wrote a treatise on his findings about the heavenly bodies that laid the foundation of our present understanding of the vastness of the universe. His work could be called a primer of the space age.

Up to this time scholars had accepted Aristotle's theory that the earth was the core of the universe and was made up of four elements--earth, water, fire, and air. Beyond the moon heavenly bodies whirled around the earth in an oozy substance called aether. To this theory the church added God, who reigned above in a celestial firmament. The earth, spread out like a carpet, became a fit place for man to live. It was sort of a stage on which the drama of life was being enacted. Here the fall and redemption of man was taking place. This was a most beautiful picture and its image remains in art and literature to this day, coloring and enriching them.

Copernicus knew that his findings regarding the movements of the earth and stars would upset the accepted beliefs of his time, but he was possessed of a great yearning to know the truth. He had studied mathematics in several universities, but after the death of his father he took his place as Bishop of Frauenberg. He lived within the cathedral and from the wall of the castle he studied the sky night after night. The sky became his clock, his calendar, and his almanac.

He himself knew that the earth was round and that people were living on the outside of it and that it was spinning in space at a terrific speed, but this was too much to ask others to believe.

How could they accept such heresy? It would bring heaven tumbling down around their feet like a circus tent. Who could find God in a fast-spinning universe that had no foundation—no beginning and no end? How could he, Copernicus, reveal the truth by putting his findings in a book? He did put them in a book which he called *Involutions of the Heavenly Bodies* and put away in a drawer. Then an inspiration came to him. He would dedicate his book to Pope Paul III. The Pope would know what to do with it. In this way he would not offend anyone or shake their faith in God.

His preface to the book was in the form of a letter to the Pope. Today we would say he used good psychology, or knew his Dale Carnegie. He praised the Pope and humbled himself. He said he knew what a fearful thing it was to upset an accepted image such as that of the earth's being flat and the center of space, so he said, "I have preferred to dedicate these lucubrations of mine to Your Holiness rather than to any other, because, even in the remote corner of the world where I live, you are considered to be the most eminent man in dignity of rank and in love of all learning and even in mathematics, so that by your authority and judgment you can easily suppress the bites of slanderers."

Travel over the Alps was slow, and Copernicus was overtaken by death before the famous letter with its astounding theory ever reached Rome.

POEM

Clark M. Olmstead

Love
like rain
starts all men
planting seeds of
hope.

POEMS

by Sylvia Argow

ON AND OFF (Argonelle)

Why on?
Enthusiasm now
The upward pull explores the deed
Fulfills the spiritual need
Enthusiasm now.

Why off?
Limit the blind impulse
It's hedging that makes mankind freeze
And limits all capacities
Limit the blind impulse.

PRAYER

Faith is light where there is darkness,
And a commitment which creates fulfillment
Teaches the young to prepare for a need
As the mastery of maturity ripens.
Recession is a burden of despair
And to sit idly by
Is a crime against the incarnate soul.
Prayer can overcome each crisis
As we devote ourselves
To the tender passion of the Lord.
There is no howling wind
Yet the blood congeals.
Be at His will and the Glowing Light
Will never blind you as you surface
Onto the uneven ventures of life.
The inherent word of prayer
Brings emotion-like sleep
To the timeless realms of faith.

CHOOSE AND THRUST (Argonelle)

Why choose?
Glory to the *halo*
Love that's shared a true place finds
Malevolence, the axe that grinds
Glory to the *halo*.

Why thrust?
Hands on the Book of Life
Modesty never forces shame
And healing miracles, a game
Hands on the Book of Life.

YOUTH AND AGE (Argonelle)

Why youth?
Plant a flourishing seed
Lofty thoughts that strengthen prayer
Flaunting spring breezes in mid air
Plant a flourishing seed.

Why age?
Pulling puppet strings
Drawing consciousness into play
Indifferent to the potter's clay
Pulling puppet strings.

IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE

Jean M. Wyness

Whatever is *true* —
the silent sentinel
of conscience, and abiding
citadel of soul; Deity reigning

omnipotent, yet servant of all —
keep in mind whatever is true. . .

whatever is *honest* and *just* —
the cup of measure
undiluted, and principle's plea
muting policy's blare;
bronze, silver, gold
as worth's reward, unreserved
for birth's predestined. . .

whatever is *pure* and *lovely* —
today's role played well —
prototype for tomorrow,
yet aspiring still higher:
the world, love's challenge,
myself, love's temporal
dwelling-place.

Keep in mind whatever is *gracious* —
the patient voice, triumphant
smile of pain; irenic words
like foam, suppressing fires
of false rebuke; my neighbor
named as brother, and I
my brother's keeper.

If, then, there be any excellence,
anything worthy of praise,
if there be any virtue,
keep in mind these things.
Help me, Lord, to remember these things.

THE LOST SONG

George Blanchard

Somewhere along the path of life
My soul has lost its song.

My days are weary hours of dread,
The nights are fearful, long.

The lowering clouds of darkening gloom
Hang sullen in the sky,
The flowers that used to line my path
Now droop their heads and die.

The birds sit silent in the trees.
My life is sad, and lone.
My mind is like an ebon shroud,
My heart is like a stone.

Gone are the gladsome, happy hours,
Gone are the winding ways
That led through vales of pure delight.
Gone are the sunny days.

I don't know where I left my song,
Where went my shining dawn,
Nor where the songbirds ceased their lay.
I only know they're gone.

O God, my God, Thou holy One,
Let me once more belong.
Warm my cold heart with holy fire
And give me back my song.

ONE OF HIS SHEEP

Ella Castle Nedrow

Just being one of His flock,
I hover in His Presence;
Humbly, I await His bidding,
In joy and serenity.

Knowing, well, if I lose my way,
He will, surely, seek me out;

THE SPIRIT OF '76

BOOK FOR ETERNITY PROGRAM

THE RESPONSE to the Spirit of '76 Book for Eternity Program has been rewarding. The comments regarding the Roll of Honor Certificates sent to those contributing indicate it indeed is a welcome bicentennial remembrance.

If you have not made your contribution but wish to do so, send your check—at your earliest convenience—made payable to Fellowship in Prayer.

Contributions in denominations of $19.76, $197.60 and $1,976.00 and/or any amount you desire to contribute, entitles you to the special Roll of Honor Certificate, suitable for framing.

Please specify to what category you wish your name entered in the Roll of Honor Book for Eternity, namely: A Bicentennial Member, In Memoriam Tribute, A Thoughtful Remembrance, or I Am an American, Spirit of '76.

May God add His richest blessings upon you.

Reuben L. Mowry

If my wayward feet stumble,
His strong arms will lift me up.

If the world bruises my heart,
He will cradle me to His bosom;
My soul is lifted, upward;
I am, forever, safe in Him.

NOT FOR BREAD ALONE

Frances Brandon Neighbours

After years of asking for the loaves
and fishes,
the manna from heaven, and the oil for
my lamp,
I come today, Lord, with an understanding
of my need
to witness the burning bush, the empty
tomb,
and the leper cleansed;
I, who have walked the road to Damascus,
being stricken blind, now see.

THANKSGIVING

Martha Bower

Oh, God, why do you try me
At tasks I cannot do?
Why do you send me messages
When I am false to you?
No matter how I falter,
No mind how false I am.
You only smile and tender
Me the epitaph of lamb.

SEA HORSE

Emily Sargent Councilman

WHEN WE HEARD the news of the sea-horse invasion, we hurried right away up the beach to the inlet. At least I hurried, fast-walking on the hard, wet sand just above the waterline, resisting my usual compulsion to wade. Bob, as usual, came along about two paces behind, lengthening to five, to eight, to ten, so that it was finally difficult to carry on a conversation. But I tried.

"Hurry! Live sea horses! Can you believe it?"

"What? I can't hear you."

"Sea horses! Live sea horses. Come on!"

"Say hello to them for me when you get there."

"What? I can't hear you. Come on!"

"Say hello. Oh, never mind. Go ahead. I'll catch you."

When we got there, first and last, it was all the same. The tide was going out and, with it, the uncaught remnant of the alien herd of sea horses—alive. Searchers were still milling around in and out of the wave-ends, the lucky ones excitedly showing their finds to fellow searchers. We watched one of the captured small horses circling his improvised aquarium (a bait jar begged from a fisherman), circling, circling. He moved in an upright position with dignity, slender tail gracefully curved, his equine head arched over his fat stomach, and his pop eyes seeming to peer through his prison glass at the strange, waterless world outside.

"Look, Bob. What must he think?"

"Think? It's a fish. Fish don't think!"

"Well—feel, then. He must feel. Look at him swimming around and around in that small jar. After that huge ocean—"

An oldtimer from the fishing pier told all and sundry: "It's never happened before, to my knowledge. Not lives one. My missus found a dead one once. Washed up after Hurricane Hazel it was, nineteen, no eighteen years ago come September. Kept

it in the cupboard and showed it to everybody who came. It's still there, I guess. I've heard of maybe two or three others found, dead ones. Not alive. These now—never seen the likes of these before."

Nor had anyone else on the beach.

Gradually, the crowds drifted away, carrying jubilantly their rare trophies or dejectedly their disappointment. But at my insistence, we stayed on, wading back and forth knee-deep in the slight waves lapping the shore, bending over each momentary clearing of foam from water rushing in and returning to the sea, I clutching the empty peanut-butter jar I'd brought along. Nothing.

Finally Bob put his foot down, or rather set both feet toward the cottage now only a dim speck a long way down the beach. The whole world suddenly appeared to melt into gray in the unexpected dusk.

"Enough. They've gone," he said.

"But—"

"It's too dark. I'm going back. The seven o'clock news—"

"Oh," I said, "the news," coming back with a jolt to the world of news and of hurricanes, of Hurricane Ginger last reported stalled two hundred miles southeast of us. Hurricane Ginger. . . . Something about the hurricane must have dislodged the sea horses and swept them miles and miles away from their water world to this strange sand.

We began to trudge the long way back, Bob for once one step in front of me, keeping to the hard sand above the water reach, I wading the shallows, trying to watch the dark and swiftly changing pools of inrushing water, still hoping beyond hope, still clutching my empty jar.

Bob tried to hurry me, "We're going to miss the news," and also to comfort me. "They wouldn't have lived, anyway. There's more to the care of sea horses than love and a peanut-butter jar filled with sea water."

But I was not to be hurried—or comforted. I marshaled my defenses.

"We could call Marineland. Remember the sea horses we

saw there? They know about the proper food and care."

He still insisted. "It takes experts. The fish would only die. Besides, what about your reverence for life and liberty? Do you think sea horses want to become replacements for peanut butter? And would *you* want to be denied all that usual ocean space?"

"*And* subjected to innumerable perils and ocean dangers?" I shot back. "Do you know that only one out of every two hundred sea horses that are born even survives to adulthood? A recent study shows," I began—

He broke in, "What about the weightier matters—life, liberty, and—"

"*You* are the one who said fish don't think!" I knew I had him there.

"But *you* insisted they can feel! Come on. We're going to miss the news."

Obviously, we were going around in circles verbally.

"You go on," I said finally. "I want to keep trying."

Off the hook, he went ahead, and I dawdled, wading all the way back, straining my eyes to see beneath each fading streamer of white foam into the dark swirling of each returning wave. Hopeless. Yes, it was. Even if there was a sea horse left, I'd miss it now. It was too dark.

BONE-WEARY, turning toward shore, I almost missed him—the sea horse brought in by the last wave touching my retreating feet. Frantically I stooped and scooped him up in my jar of sea water. Even in the dark, I could see him moving around. He was alive. And he was so beautiful!

All weariness suddenly gone, I ran across the beach, wide at low tide, and up the five steps to our cottage, bursting with my news. "Look, Bob! Look!"

But I was stopped short by the look on Bob's face where he sat hunched over the small transistor radio and by the words coming through the static like a machine gun barrage: "...warning, repeat, warning to swimmers. Dangerous riptide. One believ-

ed drowned, aged twenty-one, swimming with friends, disappeared. Searchers, everything possible, coastguard helicopter. Repeat, riptide warning—''

When the voice faded into static, Bob turned to me. My eyes found his, my hand his.

''Oh, Bob! Twenty-one—so young! And his friends and family, knowing or not knowing, waiting!''

Finding shelter in his arms, I heard his whisper. ''Let's pray for them and for him.''

Later, without a word, we walked hand in hand over to the table where I had put down the jar with the sea horse. Yes, he was alive. And beautiful with life, though his large eyes looked frightened as he circled his glass prison, no break in his pattern of rhythm as he moved with the grace of a ballet dancer flowing with life.

I picked up the sea horse swimming his only course in the small jar on the table. Bob by my side, in step with me, oh perfectly in step, we walked out the door, down the steps, and across the wide beach to the ocean beckoning us with counterpointing sounds of ages caught in its own paradoxical rhythms and with its moving white ribbons of foam still discernible, piercing the night with luminescent light. We walked surely, waded into the first reaching wave, and gave the small creature back to his home, the perilous sea. Without words we asked the sea ''Be kind. . . be kind.''

The threat of Hurricane Ginger to our coast passed with the night. In the early morning, we walked hand in hand along the lonely beach, stretching wide again at low tide, and, without looking for it, found on the sand a dead sea horse.

My eyes asked Bob the question, ''Do you think it's ours? Could it be the same?''

He answered in words. ''Even if it is, you gave him back his chance for life.''

Yes.

KARMA AND FREEDOM

Francis Story

DEAR FRIEND,

Your problems in connection with Karma seem to be largely ones of meaning; particularly the meaning of causality and of such concepts as 'conditioning' and 'determining.' Buddhism does not deny that man is largely conditioned by his circumstances and environment. But the conditioning is not absolute. It may almost amount to determinism, and the margin of free-will may be very slight indeed, but it is always present. In Buddhist ethico-psychology great importance is given to the thought-moment of choice—that moment of conscious response to a situation in which we are free to act in a number of different ways. Now it may happen that the predominant propensities of the past impel almost irresistibly toward a particular course of action; but it must be remembered that our past habits of deed and thought are never all of the same kind. Human character is very fluid, and in the critical moment it is never absolutely certain what kind of urge will come uppermost. The whole point of character development is to systematically cultivate the good urges and eradicate the bad ones.

Then again, some precise definition of the specifically Buddhist terms is necessary, in order to grasp what is meant by Karma. Karma (Kamma) is simply action, a deed. Its result is called Vipaka, and the two should not be confused or telescoped into a single concept under the same word, as is done by Theosophists and some popular writers on Hinduism. But the two terms considered together, as Kamma-vipaka, or 'action-and-result,' do denote a moral principle in the universal order. Thus, a cruel action, because its genesis is mental, will in course of time ripen as a painful experience of a similar kind for the same person who did the cruel deed—perhaps in this life (the murderer who is hanged) or in a subsequent one. As to whether it is the *same* person who experiences the result, that can neither be absolutely affirmed nor absolutely denied; its answer lies in the concept

of personality and identity held by Buddhism, which you will find in writings dealing with re birth. The sole identity that can be claimed for a personality, even through the course of one lifetime, is the world-line represented by his Karmic continuity. As you have yourself stated, an individual at any given moment is simply the end-result of what his previous actions have made him. But he is also projecting himself into the future by his present acts, and it is in these that his freedom of choice lies. He is no more determined absolutely by his own past than he is by his environment or his herdeity. Buddhism teaches the principle of multiple causality: that is to say, every phenomenon is the product of more than one cause. And the will, although it is greatly modified by these causes, is itself free to choose between a number of different causes operating upon it from the past. *We are free to select the causes which shall determine our action in the moment of choice.* That is why conflicts arise which are sometimes so difficult and painful to resolve. There is always the existential anguish in freedom of choice.

At any time we can see how this works out in concrete instances. A man may have been reared in an atmosphere of squalor, want, and anxiety, in which everything pushes toward crime. But in the moment of deciding whether or not he shall commit a crime, other, perhaps latent, causes are at work within him. He may have been taught at some time that crime is morally wrong, or some good influence from a previous life may have been stirring within him, or he may have realized quite simply that 'crime does not pay.' He may be deterred by some memory of a painful result, imprisonment or flogging, from the present life. Whether these deterrent factors are noble or ignoble, they are always present, and he has to make a choice between causes which shall determine his present action. And very often he will choose not to commit the crime. If this were not so, the moral improvement of individuals and society would not be possible.

You pointed accurately to your own chief difficulty when you wrote: "I cannot see that an individual born in an environment of destitution, deprivation, ignorance, want and hunger can be said to be born in such circumstances due to past evil deeds."

But in fact what you 'cannot see' is precisely what the Buddha taught. I am afraid that all attempts to reconstruct the Buddha's thought, leaving out rebirth, are doomed to failure. We might be able to have rebirth without the moral order represented by Kamma-vipaka—in which case it would only be an infinite extension of the amoral, meaningless life-process envisaged by the epiphenomenonalists—but we cannot have a moral order without rebirth.

Why so? Simply because not all murderers get hanged! (And it may be added, neither do they get punished who by their indifference, selfishness, and brutality help to make others criminals. At least, not in the same life. Too often they prosper. But the principle of Kamma-vipaka is never cheated. At some time they have to pay for it.)

The world is so dominated today by the concepts of materialism that some Buddhist Kirekegaard ought to write another 'Concluding Unscientific Postscript' to clear up the muddle. Not anti-scientific, be it understood, but simply *un*-scientific. Not bounded by the dogmas of 19th century Darwin-Marx-Huxley materialism, which today are taken for science. We should be ready to accept what is true in this materialism without fearing to go beyond it.

And what *is* true in that concept of man? That he is conditioned by his environment? Certainly: nobody in their senses would deny it, and the Buddha did not. But no man is *entirely* conditioned by anything, not even by his own accumulated habits and acting. No character is irrevocably fixed—except that of a saint, whose destiny is assured. (It is necessary to make this exception, although here it is something of a digression.) The ordinary man is, as I have said, a fluid process; his identity is nothing but the world-line of his continuity as a process in time. Consequently he is always acting 'out of character.' Have not great and noble men arisen from the most sordid environments of want and deprivation? And conversely, have not criminals and degenerates appeared where all the social, economic, and even hereditary factors were the most favourable that the world has to offer?

These are rhetorical questions, and I really feel ashamed of

setting them down. They are the most commonplace cliches of thought. Let it be granted, then, that *in the majority of cases* men are what their circumstances make them. Buddhism teaches that it is they who have created these circumstances by their past Karma. But their present Karma, which moulds their future, is in their own hands. However slight the margin of free-will—it is always there. Without it, life could be altogether without meaning, and it would be absurd to try to seek any meaning. In fact, it would be impossible, and you for example would not be puzzling over Buddhism! The mere fact that these questions have presented themselves to you shows that you are not an automaton, not just a cybernetic mechanism, bound to run like the streetcars or trains along set lines, but a free-swimming organism—a thinking, willing personality, not a plant. I should doubt whether anything in your environment had conditioned you to take an interest in Buddhism—yet you are doing so and in a most penetrating way. It would be an interesting experiment in self-analysis to search out the causes that prompted you to feel this interest. I think you would find that there are several contributory streams, including some propensity in your own nature, something which cannot be accounted for by any conditioning. Maybe you are just one of those fortunate people who are interested in anything that presents a challenge to the intelligence. That in itself is the result of a good Karma in the past.

But Karma is not solely responsible for every phenomenon and every experience. The physical aspects of life also have their share in the totality. Still, in the last resort, the mind and will are able to prevail over everything else. Not always by a single act of will, but by repeated acts of the same nature, having the same final goal. Life without suffering is impossible, because of the conditions, physical and psychological, that our desire for personalized life imposes as the condition of our being-in-the-world. But the mind can develop itself—can stop creating and imposing those conditions. We must distinguish clearly between what we have to submit to—the circumstances of the present which we have made for ourselves by our past actions—and the future we can make for ourselves by our present thinking

and doing. That distinction is most important: it represents the whole difference between absolute determinism and free-will. The root cause of phenomenal existence is the double one of ignorance conjoined with craving, each being dependent upon the other. When these two joint conditions are removed, all other conditioning comes to an end. That is the whole point—that conditioning can be reversed, by repeated acts of decision. Man can always swim against the current, if he could not, his evolution would be impossible.

I hope you won't think, because of what I have written, that Buddhism *approves* of poverty, hunger, and want. Buddhism approves of nothing in the world except the striving to gain release from it. Its view of the world is realistic. Poverty, hunger and ignorance exist in the world, and they will continue to do so as long as people, by their own infliction of these evils on others in previous lives, cause themselves to be born in such circumstances. We should try to diminish these evils, but it can never be done by purely physical means. The effort is good, merely because it represents a good volition, which will bear fruit in the future, than because of any likelihood of its succeeding completely. If all the world acted according to Buddhist principles of unselfishness, generosity and compassion, there would be no more deprivation, no more slums, no more oppression or exploitation of man by man. Yet still, bad Karma of the past would have to produce its vipaka by some other means. In any case, I believe it to be axiomatic that if all the wealth in the world were to be equally distributed one morning there would be the rich and the poor again by evening. Whether we like it or not, I believe that to be true. It is a fundamental fact of nature—which hates equality more than it hates a vacuum. There will be equality when all the past and present thoughts and deeds of all men are equal—and when can that be?

The economic structure of society accurately reflects man's muddled, illogical and selfish nature. It will be changed only when that nature is completely transformed. All improvement must come from within, for 'Mind creates all phenomena' out of the raw material of the Universe. The world-stuff is nei-

ther good nor bad; it is man's thinking which makes heaven or hell out of it.

The Buddha said: "In this fathom-long body, equipped with sense organs and faculties, I declare to you is the world, the origin of the world, the cessation of the world and the path leading to the cessation thereof." Philosophically speaking, these words are the most profound, most comprehensive and most illuminating ever uttered. We create the world literally. The world, in turn, conditions us, but it does not create us. That is the great difference. Since we, each of us individually, are the creators of our world, even the conditioning it imposes is ultimately traceable to ourselves.

(From KAMMA AND ITS FRUIT, published by the Buddhist Publication Society, Kandy, Ceylon, 1975. Used by permission.)

SIAM

Rose Noller

I was there — it seemed —
in some past era
of the Khmer race.
The jungle invades the ruins,
with windows, doorways angular;
curves only in the trees,
impinged with memories.
I was there,
walking in the shadows,
overgrown with ancestries —
overgrown with jungle life,
and trees!

PRAYER THOUGHTS

ON CHRIST'S WORDS TO US

Doris E. Symmonds

The Branch

As the branch is to the vine
So my life is joined to Thine.
Let Thy nature flow through me
That others may reach out to Thee.

Mary

As Mary listened to her Lord,
So would I ponder on Thy word.
I, too, would choose the better part
And lay up treasure in my heart.

The Living Water

I believe, dear Lord, in Thee.
Let your Spirit flow through me,
Reaching all who cross my way.
Take and use me, Lord, today.
Pour your living strength through me
That others may reach out to Thee.

The Door

As I "go in and out" today,
Christ, be the door to me.
And "pasture" I shall ever find,
Abundant life so free.

My every need He will supply
As I go to and fro,
For life abundant is His gift.
Its joys we all shall know.

"I am the Door," the Master said,
"My sheep will follow me,
I'll lead them out to pastures green.
My own will come to me."

NOTICES AND COMMENT

THE FOURTH. Kathryn Brown and Paul Griffith celebrated the bicentennial Fourth in Hagerstown, Md., with President and Mrs Reuben Musey. Their visit, which was a real pleasure for them, let them see the extent to which Reuben, with his passion for local history, has become "Mister History" and "Mister Bicentennial" for the tri-state area of his home, writing regularly for newspapers and magazines and giving interviews on the radio. He created a religious service for the Sunday of the Fourth which was used in more than eighty per cent of the local churches. He took part in his own church's version of it held on the Fourth and that night, costumed and bewigged as George Washington, delivered the main address before the city's pageant and fire works.

MOVING? If you are changing your address, it is essential that we receive your new one as early as possible. Some of you did not get the Fellowship's bicentennial letter because we are still using your old address.

LIBRARY ADDITIONS. The following new books have been gratefully received: *Sparks From the Armchair* by Florence DeGroat, *The Gentle Hours* by Louise Kidder Sparrow, *A Time To Sit and Dream* by Minnie M. Bauer, and *Rainbows of Song* by Georgiana Lieder Lahr.

****

MRS BROWN PASSES ON. As this issue goes to press, word has come that Mrs Fred W. Brown, the mother of Executive Secretary Kathryn G. Brown, passed on at her home in Spring Valley, N.Y. To Kathryn and all her family the Fellowship extends heartfelt sympathy.

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THERE WAS A TIME

Velta Myrle Allen

Beyond the scope of time and space
  when the vastness of endless
    lush, virgin earth
was undisturbed by human kind. . .
When scented winds were one
  with the crooning night
    and nature's lullabies
Hummed yawning, spawning creatures
    to slumber. . .
The sun, the moon,
and gentle rain
  lathed every blade of grass. . .
When time was all stillness —
and there was only quiet motion.